

TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

RIEN.

DE L'Hôtel Splendide, sur la grande promenade, il y a une vue superbe sur la mer. De toutes les fenêtres, sauf celles qui donnent au nord, naturellement, on aperçoit la vaste étendue d'eau grisâtre de la Manche, entre les nuages le ciel bleu pâle de l'Angleterre, et parfois même le soleil, blanc, blême, brumeux, un peu comme la lune du Midi. On voit tout ça, excepté les jours des grandes brumes de mer. Alors on ne voit rien.

Un certain dimanche la brume était épaisse à n'y pas croire. Des fenêtres de la salle à manger quatre étrangers regardaient ce voile de vapeur blanche et triste. C'étaient TARTARIN et ses amis, qui venaient d'arriver, et qui mangeaient, tout seuls dans le vaste réfectoire, un déjeuner à part.

"Outre, quel temps!" dit TARTARIN, "rien de plus effrayant pour les marins que la brume. Il ne faut pas essayer une excursion en mer aujourd'hui au moins. Allons voir les antiquités de la ville. Garçon, il y a des interprètes, des guides, à l'hôtel, n'est-ce pas?" "Des guides, monsieur," répondit le garçon, qui était Français lui aussi, "pardon, monsieur, pour quoi faire?" "Pour visiter les antiquités de la ville au moins," fit TARTARIN. "Pardon, monsieur," dit le garçon, "il n'y en a pas." "Pas de guides?" demanda le Tarasconnais. "Non, monsieur," répondit le garçon, "pas d'antiquités."

Dans une grande ville c'était extraordinaire. "Eh bien, différemment," continua TARTARIN, "s'il n'y a pas d'antiquités, qu'est-ce qu'il y a au moins?" "Il y a la mer, monsieur," expliqua le garçon. "Mais par ces jours de brume, est-ce qu'on peut s'embarquer, hein?" dit le marin tarasconnais, "c'est terrible, c'est dangereux, on se croirait tout près du banc de Terre Neuve. Les brumes de ce pays-là sont effroyables, je vous en assure. Pardi, on ne voit rien!" PASCALON frémit. BOMPARD et le commandant, stupéfaits, regardèrent leur président, qui n'avait jamais quitté l'Europe.

TARTARIN continuait l'interrogatoire. Si la ville n'avait pas d'antiquités, on y trouverait différemment des monuments modernes; des musées de peinture ou d'archéologie; des statues; des édifices remarquables, hôtel de ville, théâtre, musée, par exemple; des jardins publics, des avenues, des promenades à la campagne, "mais pas par ce temps au moins";

des boulevards, de belles rues larges et grandioses; enfin de jolies maisons particulières, des villas comme à Nice ou à Cannes, des cottages élégants et coquets. Mais le garçon répondit toujours, "Il n'y en a pas, monsieur."

"Qu'est-ce qu'il y a au moins?" demanda TARTARIN encore. "Il y a la mer, monsieur," répondit le garçon. "Et puis?" s'écria TARTARIN. "Il ne dit que ça," ajouta BRAVIDA.

"C'est une toute petite ville alors?" demanda BOMPARD. "Non," fit PASCALON, timidement, "j'ai entendu dire qu'elle a cent cinquante mille habitants. Cent cinquante mille habitants," hurla TARTARIN, "et aucun monument, rien à voir?" "Si, monsieur," dit le garçon, "il y a—" "Ne dites pas 'la mer' encore une fois," interrompit le président, furibond, "ou je — je —" Et il posa la main sur son coutelas d'un air menaçant.

"Différemment," dit BOMPARD, "la ville est plus grande que Nice. Il y a un casino au moins." "Non, monsieur," répéta le garçon, "il n'y en a pas. Mais," poursuivit-il, subitement inspiré, "il y a le Pavillon." "Outre!" cria TARTARIN. "Boufre!" dit Bompard. "Allons-y," murmura PASCALON. "En avant!" ajouta BRAVIDA. Et tous les quatre saiserent leurs chapeaux,

leurs mackintosches, leurs mackfarlanes, leurs pardessus, et leurs parapluies, et sortirent précipitamment de l'hôtel. En dehors, la brume encore plus épaisse, l'immensité invisible, le vide, rien.

H. D. B.

EXPECTED RECOMMENDATIONS.

(From the Committee appointed to "sit upon" the War Office.)

THAT gentlemen engaged in official work between the hours of four and five should remember that the days for reading the morning paper from first to finish, strolling in the Park, and devoting an hour or so to lunch, are over.

That the Public expects every man paid by the State to do his duty on the lines laid down by the head of a well-conducted City establishment.

That red tape is the worst possible material for binding together documents of urgent importance, and pigeon-holes are not proper receptacles for patents, and heads of valuable information.

And, finally, that two and two make four in spite of the contention of the present War Office staff to the contrary.



Customer (after seeing there is no one about, to Barmaid). "HUM! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS BEER, MISS! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF IT AFTER TASTING IT, FREE, GRATIS, AND PROFESSIONALLY. YOU, SEE I'M ONE O' 'ENRY CHAPLIN'S 'COMMITTEE FOR PROMOTING THE PURITY OF BEER.'"

[Drinks and exit.]

"LITTLE BOBS."

(An up-to-date refrain to an old tune.)

A SOVEREIGN a soldier had,
 She sent him o'er the sea;
 He wasn't what you call a lad,
 But handy as could be.
 He knew when right to strike a light,
 And when to square the jobs;
 He's done his best with zeal and zest,
 Hurrah! for Little BOBS!

Chorus.

He's an Earl, also K.G.,
 Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
 Commander-in-chief of all is he,
 Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
 May he a centenarian be,
 Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
 And so again we'll shout amain,
 Hurrah for Little BOBS!

THE TYPEWRITER AS A HUMOURIST.

HITHERTO, the typewriter has not been regarded as a thing sentient with humour; that is where we have unwittingly done it an injustice. It is more than a humourist; it is a wild wag, upon occasions. Whilst writing these words, I am gazing sadly upon the wreckage of a story which has just been returned after undergoing the process of typing. Some of the extracts given below, suggest distinctly original views on life.

"The English reader, generally speaking, knows little of Russian geography," I wrote; and then the merry typewriter came in, with—

"The English reader, generally speaking, knows little of roomy photography."

This was a trifle disconcerting to the conscientious author to start with, but worse was to come.

"I sprang forward and pulled the nearest Cossack from his saddle" eventuated in—

"I sprang forward and pulled the dearest Cosaque from his muddle."

If this sort of thing had not been corrected, I felt that it might have caused my story to lose, somewhat, in intensity. I went on, however, with perseverance.

"Crimes such as these cannot be swept aside without a blush."

This was rendered—

"Crumbs such as these cannot be swept outside without a brush."

I sighed, corrected, and continued—

"The great soul beaming in his face," which the demon instrument made into—

"The great fool bending in his face."

At this juncture, I began to be really discouraged. But the next few lines ran on without any mistake, and I took heart again. After nearly a whole page correctly transcribed, I stopped short at—

"He walked with giant strides through fern and bracken."

Which came out—

"He walked with gummy slides through fern and bracken."

My lips began to frame a—a—a-hasty expression, but I resolutely choked it down again, and resumed reading, with nothing stronger than another sigh. All went well until the finish of the chapter.

"The Count turned sorrowfully away: and as he once more faced the grim old house, his eyes fell upon the Duchesse d'ODDÈS—alone."

But the typewriter, that all-conquering, know-better-than-you-do-yourself instrument was not to be cheated of its little joke: and my lines were made to read thus—

"The Count turned sorrowfully away; and as he once more faced the grin old horse, his eyes fell upon the Dutchie of TOD SLOAN."

Then I took off my boots and threw them through the window; hurled the coal-scuttle downstairs, and broke the mirror with the fire-irons. I felt better after this; but in future, I think I shall find it less wearing to refrain from requisitioning the typewriter; its peculiar style of humour is too boisterous for my appreciation.

AN ERROR IN EYES.

I SAT me down to write a song
 About your eyes,

A lyric dainty, not too long,
 Of quaint surprise,

To find that orbs so clear and true
 Should realise the sapphire blue
 And thrill my heart-chords through and through

With tender sighs.

I sit me down to read your note
 Of pretty purls;

I picture you just as you wrote
 With shaking curls—

"What's this?" you curtly, rudely say.
 "Your jest is ill-timed. By-the-way,

My eyes are of a greenish-grey—"
She got the other girl's!

MARS THROUGH THE GLASSES.

(Communicated—unsteadily.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is a most remarkable experience. You know what a tasting order is. Well, I had one, and tasted port, sherry, port and sherry. Not much, you know—merely tasting. You know what I mean.

Well, they say that, although you don't take anything to talk of—say, a glass here and a glass there—you get intoxicated through the atmosphere of the place. Absurd notion, because—I write because—if you eat a biscuit you can't become intoxicated. Too absurd for words.

Look at me, now. You know what I mean.

I have been tasting at the Docks. Now I am trying to get a message from Mars. I should say have been. Messages from Mars can't be sent. Can't be sent, you understand. You know what I mean.

Well, I was looking at Mars. Through a big telescope, and that sort of thing. You know what I mean. And I stopped just for a moment or so to take a glass of soda and brandy. You know what I mean.

Well, I looked at Mars, and I give you my word of honour—you know what I mean—my word of honour, there were four planets! A quartette of Mars! And all wobbling! All of them! You know what I mean.

Well, I thought I could make out a signal. I saw plainly up in the sky, first, "You have had a tasting order for the Docks," I sang out, "That's right, I have, and I am as sober as a judge." Then Mars telegraphed, "No; you are as intoxicated as a fly."

From this I know it's all rot, you understand. Mars wouldn't have sent such a message. So I take the whole thing to be a myth.

You know what I mean.

Can't write any more. Going to bed.

ONE GLASS MORE.

P.S.—Can't take off my boots. You know what I mean.

TO MY DOG.

YOU'RE a funny looking fellow
 With your coat of dingy yellow,
 Just the colour of a January fog;
 And I think you've got a feature
 Out of almost every creature
 That could fairly claim to reckon as a dog.

I have often sat and pondered
 On your ancestors, and wondered
 What a curio a list of them would be:
 It would surely tax the knowledge
 Of the Royal Herald's College
 To approximately trace your pedigree.

You can boast a collie's muzzle,
 But I think your legs would puzzle
 All the Kennel Club; and though one
 might suppose

That your ears suggest a spaniel,
 It would take a second DANIEL
 To decide upon the merits of your toes.

There's a dash of bull and setter—
 But I really think it better
 That we specify no further, my dear Sir,
 It will simplify confusion
 If we come to the conclusion
 You're a cross between a mongrel and a cur.

CHANGE OF NAME.—From the Emperor of CHINA to YU-HANG, greeting, with a silver cord, You be Hung.



Keeper. "WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN KINDLY TELL ME WHICH OF YOU TWO IS A LORD, AS I'VE BEEN TOLD TO GIVE HIM THE BEST PLACE."

A HULLABALOO AT GALUPPI'S.

(With apologies to R. Browning.)

["After lying in abeyance for almost a century, the ancient annual ceremony of "Marrying the Adriatic" will probably be revived at Venice in full splendour next year. The municipality is enthusiastic in supporting the project."—*Daily Paper*.]

OH, GALUPPI BALDASARO, am I to believe my ears?
Are they really speaking truly, these confounded gondoliers?
What's that noise from the Rialto? Can it be the sound of
cheers?

Will the good Venetian public countenance such awful things,
Such a scandalous perversion of historic junketings,
Shall a Mayor and Corporation dare to wed the sea with rings?
Venice wed the Adriatic in the Twentieth Century!
Venice with the penny steamboats where the gondolas should be!
What a shocking *mésalliance* for the Adriatic Sea!

Will not all her vanished Doges, from the tombs in which they rest,
From their alabaster coffins, from the Islands of the Blest,
Break the sleep in which Death laps them and indignantly
protest?

What a sight for COOK, his tourists! All Italia will be there,
Yankees with amazing accents, loud-voiced Germans drinking
beer,
And the unresponsive Briton with his stony British stare.

There'll be fireworks in the evening. Oh, they'll praise them,
I dare say,
As they dine at DANIELI's at the ending of the day,
Or at breakfast when they're looking out their trains to go away.

As for Venice and her people, they'll no doubt enjoy their fill
Of the folly and the fireworks, and applaud them with a will,
Feeling tolerably certain that the tourist pays the bill!

ST. J. H.

"THE PAULINES."

SIR,—A dinner of Old Paulines was advertised to take place on January 9th. I regret to say I was absent at the time, and have not been able to meet with any account of this most interesting re-union of Dramatic Celebrities. If I remember aright, there are three Paulines or Paulinas in *Shakspeare*, and one out of it, viz. BULWER LYTTON'S *Pauline*, or *The Lady of Lyons*. I am curious to know if they attended. A STUDENT.

EXCELLENT EXPLANATION.

Country Cousin (to member of Naval and Military Club). Why do they call your club the In and Out?

M. of N. & M. C. Simple enough, my dear old chap. When a member wants to see anyone, he's "in"; when he doesn't, he's "out." But as you're in, we need say no more about it.

THE BLANK FILE.

BY MAJOR W. P. DRURY.

"DURIN' the next hour nothin' seemed to be stirrin' under the Southern Cross. The noo sentry either didn't see anything to challenge, or didn't want to, and some o' the men had even begun to snore. I was just droppin' off to sleep myself, when a snorer at the other end o' the tent suddenly raps out an oath, and his boot comes whizzin' down the gangway.

"The next swab as plays me that trick,' he grumbles, 'will 'ave to take off his toonik to me in the mornin'.

"What trick, chum?' I asks, chuckin' him back his boot.

"Puttin' his icy cold foot on my face,' he says, indignant.

"It didn't sound nice, some'ow, and my 'eart commenced to beat a devil's tattoo under the blankets. But nobody said nothin', and if it 'adn't been for the thumpin' of a dozen gallant 'earts besides mine, you might 'ave 'eard a pin drop.

"Presently, 'owever, the drummer, who slep' next to the corpril, calls out somethin' beneath his bedclothes.

"What is 'STICKS' a-sayin'?' asks one o' the men anxiously.

"He's only talkin' in his sleep,' says the corpril.

"No, he ain't,' pipes the boy in his 'igh treble, 'but somebody's a-walkin' in his!'

"This statement was received with a most oncomfortable silence of several minutes. Then the man next to me begins 'urriedly to scramble into his trousers.

"The kid 's quite right,' he says, 'and I know bloomin' well who the sleep-walker is.'

"Who?' inquires a dozen voices at once.

"The Blank File,' says the man, 'and he's lookin' for a sleepin' billet, that's what he's a-doin' of. But he ain't goin' to doss next to me,' he says, and with that he bolts out o' the tent.

"In another minute there was nobody—so far as we knew—left inside it. We all wanted to keep the sentry comp'ny till daylight."

Mr. PAGETT paused to refill his pipe, an operation he effected with characteristic absent-mindedness from my pouch. I feigned to be pondering his last words.

"After such a night of horror," I hazarded, "the daylight must indeed have been a welcome relief."

He slipped the pouch, with charming naïveté, into his pocket. "You mark time a bit," he said: "I 'aven't finished with that night of 'orror yet."

I murmured an apology.

"No," he continued. "Before the sun rose we were destined to 'ave another scare, compared with which the others were child's-play. It was this way, look.

"The corpril was explainin' to Mr. JANNAWAY, who 'ad come out of his quarters in his pyjammers, that the men couldn't sleep in the minin' tent on account of the heat, and JANNAWAY was just beginnin' to talk sarcastic about a girls' school afraid o' the dark, when the sentry drops his rifle with a clatter that brings all our gallant 'earts into our necks. His teeth were rattlin' in his 'ead like a boxful o' dice, you could 'ave 'ung up your coat and 'at on his eyes, and he was pointin' to his front like a sign-post shook by the wind. At first we thought it was an applepetic fit, but after a bit we discovered that he was wishful for us to look at the jackstaff.

"The first glimmer o' dawn was whitenin' the eastern 'orizon, and there was just light enough for us to see an extr'ordin'ry phenomenon that made even a detachment o' Marines stare. There wasn't air enough to chill your wetted finger: it was a dead tropical calm: the great jack and its 'alliards lay alongside the staff as if they were glued to it. Yet all of a sudden the long fold of bunting stirred, and the double lines twanged against the pole like a plucked 'arpstring!

"Five seconds later the thing 'appened again, and then

continued at perfectly reg'lar intervals. Not a soul, as far as we could see, was within ten yards of that bewitched spar. Yet one thing was quite plain. Someone was fingerin' the 'alliards before our very eyes!

"Presently JANNAWAY clears his throat.

"Am I goin' stark starin' mad like the rest o' you,' he asks 'uskily, 'or is there a bell ringin' somewhere?'

"You might 'ave stabbed the silence which followed with a baynit.

"There is a bell, Sir,' says one o' the men at length, 'a big bell a-tolling. I should judge it to be as far away as Batavia, or p'r'aps Plymouth,' he says; 'but in either case you may lay to it that it's no earthly bell —'

"That's enough,' says JANNAWAY, stampin' his foot. 'I won't 'ave no more of it. Colour-Sergeant,' he says, 'as soon as it's daylight fall the men in for bathin' parade. There's nothin' like a sea dip to steady the nerves.' And with that he walks off into the middle o' the island.

"The detachment strolled down to the water's edge, while I, disbelievin' in ghosts now that the daylight was comin', sat down and lit my pipe. At first I watched the sunrise, and it seemed to me that the day was gettin' up with a most disreputable black eye. Across the red, an' green, an' orange inflammation of the dawn was stuck a dark patch that in the case of a pore soldier would 'ave got him confined to barracks for a fortnight. But after a bit my attention was attracted to Lieutenant JANNAWAY, who was peerin' under a great ledge o' roek a couple of 'undred yards away. Presently he stood up, and beckoned to me.

"Tell me what you see in there,' he says, when I reached him.

"You ought to know,' I says, moppin' my face, after I 'd looked into the 'ole; 'you've been starin' at it for the last five minutes.'

"But I want to make sure, you insolent vagabone,' he says. 'Our nerves are all endways, and p'r'aps I've been mistook.'

"Very well, then,' says I, 'it's a rusted round shot mixed up with a 'uman skeleton.'

"I thought so,' he returns, with a sigh of relief. 'But since this island is a noo-born baby, in a manner o' speakin', it licks me 'ow them things come there.'

"P'r'aps,' says I, after thinkin' 'ard for some moments, 'they were born with the bloomin' baby.'

"You're a fool, PAGETT,' says he, 'and you 'd better go an' fall in with the rest.'

"Now, as I was carryin' my wounded feelin's back to my comrades, it suddenly struck me that the dawn wasn't breakin' as quickly as it usually does in those latitudes. The black patch over the day's eye had covered the entire face of the eastern sky, and was spreadin' to the zenith faster than the daylight itself. It was plain, from the incessant twinklin', that a tropical thunderstorm was comin' up with the sun, and you may take my word for it that a bare rock in mid-ocean ain't the safest place to see one from.

"The detachment 'ad already undressed, and were bein' mustered by the colour-sergeant, so I slipped off my clothes and joined them.

"Before the muster was over, the mornin' 'ad grown much darker than the night had ever been, and the sky above us was like a great velvet pall with its borders trailin' in the sea. Long zigzag rents were torn in the pall about once every second, nor was there any interval in the 'orrible din o' the thunder. Luckily we escaped the rainfall, but we could 'ear it hiss'n on the sea a mile away, like forty thousand locomotives blowin' off steam.

"As it was too dark to bathe, and too dangerous to go into the tent where the arms were, JANNAWAY fell us in two deep in rear of it. Before very long, 'owever, the eastern edge o' the pall began to lift, and a streak of crimson sky appeared beneath it. Then the streak widened; orange showed above



Mother. "NOW, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU RUN AWAY AND GIVE GRANDPA' A KISS?"

Child (somewhat nonplussed by Grandpapa's moustache and beard). "I DON'T SEE ANY PLACE FOR IT, MAMMA!"

the red, primrose above the orange, till presently we could see the bright blue o' the zenith. The velvet pall had rolled away as quickly as it 'ad spread."

Mr. PAGETT removed the pipe from his mouth, and laid it upon the table.

"You've been in the tropics yourself, Sir?" he observed, looking into the fire.

I nodded.

"Did you ever see one o' them lightnin' photographs?"

"I've heard of them," I admitted cautiously. "It is said that they cannot yet be accounted for by science, though they are undoubtedly electrical."

"I saw one that mornin' on the island," he mused; "the flash over the Tor just now 'minded me of it."

"The first thing we noticed after JANNAWAY dismissed us, and we'd moved away from the tent, was the double line of our shadows still fixed upon the curtain, where it 'ad been thrown by the lightnin'."

"Yes," I admitted, "that was quite possible."

"Quite possible. But 'ow about this? The drummer, who was starin' at the phenomenon from the front o' the group, suddenly turns round."

"I thought," he squeaked, "that, countin' Mr. JANNAWAY, we were thirty-three all told."

"Then, for once in your sinful young life," says the corpril, "you thought right, my son."

"Well," says the boy, edgin' into the middle o' the crowd, "'ow do you account for there bein' thirty-four shadows on the bloomin' tent?"

"Nobody attempted to account for it; nobody even wanted to account for it. What everybody did want, 'owever, was to get off that cursed island without another minute's delay. Like one man the detachment turned and bolted for the pinnace in which we 'ad landed, and which was moored a few yards from the beach. It was the stampede of the previous afternoon over again, with the difference that this time me, an' the colour-sergeant, an' JANNAWAY were in it as well."

"We splashed through the water, shinned over the gunnel o' the big boat, got out the oars, and gave way like a crew possessed. But we'd barely put a hundred yards between us and the Blank File's shadow on the tent, before the sea began to bubble about the pinnace like water round an egg in a saucepan."

"For the Lord's sake," cries one o' the men, layin' on his oar, 'look at the bloomin' island!'

"Then we saw a most curious thing. The island was gradually growin' smaller—in other words, it was sinkin' before our eyes! Presently only the tops o' the tents and the jackstaff were visible above the water, and then only the Union Jack itself. When that 'omely bit o' buntin' 'ad gone too, the drummer burst out a-cryin'."

"Any'ow," says the Corpril cheerily, "that exasperatin' Blank File's gone with it."

"Aye," chimes in the 'Dismal JIMMY' of the detachment, 'but we shall be under stoppages o' pay until them arms and accoutrements are made good. I said at the time,' he continued, 'that it was no earthly bell a-tollin'—'

"Take that man's name for disobedience of orders," roars out JANNAWAY. "'Ow dare you make my flesh creep,' he says, 'when I 'aven't got a stitch o' clothin' on?'

"There's the Dutch flagship in the offing just off the port beam, Sir," sings out another.

"Then I 'ope to goodness," says JANNAWAY, casting an anxious eye over the naked forms before him, 'that the adm'ral 'asn't brought no ladies with him to see the noo island!'

"An hour later we clambered one by one up the steep sides o' the Dutchman, and were served out with a pair o' baggy trousers apiece. If there were any ladies on board they must 'ave been sent below before we got alongside, and the or'ficers and men didn't matter. Mr. JANNAWAY told the adm'ral that

we were pore castaways from a wrecked emigrant ship, and the adm'ral, with one eye cocked on me, said he'd had the pleasure of meetin' one at least of the pore emigrants before. Then, with a chronic twinkle in the same eye, he carried us back to Batavia, and put us on board our own ship.

"Before reportin' ourselves, 'owever, Mr. JANNAWAY addressed us in a few kind words."

"If you mention that there Blank File," he says, 'you will get the credit of bein' bigger liars than what you really are. Therefore,' he says, 'I shouldn't.'

"And you may lay to it that we didn't!"

From a battered Service ditty-box on the mantelpiece Mr. PAGETT produced a crumpled half-sheet of notepaper.

"That inscription," said he, "was sent me by Lieutenant JANNAWAY a year after we paid off. He copied it off an old brass in the tower of a church at Sandwich."

I refrained from commenting on the remarkable resemblance of the writing to Mr. PAGETT's own cramped caligraphy, and read it aloud.

"Sacred to the Memory," it ran, "of BELTISHAZZAR FARWIG, Private in the Marines, and sometime a Bellringer of this Church. Who died on the 29th Dec. 1770, on board His Majesty's ship *Endeavour* (commanded by the famous Navigator, Captain JAMES COOK), and was buried at sea in Lat. 9° 13' S. and Long. 104° E."

"Wasn't it a most extr'ordin'ry thing," asked Mr. PAGETT, regarding me out of the tail of his eye, "that the pore feller should 'ave come to the surface again on the middle of a volcanic island?"

"Most extraordinary!" I murmured.

"And that, after all them years, he should 'ave drilled once more with his old regiment and been photographed with them by lightnin'?"

"I never heard anything like it before," said I.

"And that he should 'ave tolled that oneearthly bell to warn them that the island was goin' to sink?"

"Wonderful indeed! Yet to me, Mr. PAGETT, the most wonderful thing of all is your own marvellous power of inven—of memory, I mean."

Mr. PAGETT stared at me in pained surprise. "I was afraid," he said reproachfully, "that you were goin' to use another word. In which case, Mister, me an' you would 'ave 'ad to part brassrags!"

ILL-TREATING.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—It makes my blood boil to read how the precious time of the Commander-in-Chief is wasted by precious fools. Not long ago an admirable appeal against "Treating" was written by Lord ROBERTS. Please observe that I call him by his correct name, or, without the title, simply ROBERTS, for the everlasting use of "BOBS" disgusts me, and seems to me wanting alike in sense and courtesy. We do not call KITCHENER "Kitty," and a hundred years ago they did not call NELSON "Nelly." Lord ROBERTS, as I have said, protested against "treating" the private in the "public." Allow me to protest against the public ill-treating Lord ROBERTS in private. He cannot even travel by railway, on his own private business, without being buttonholed and talked at by mayors or vestrymen whenever the train stops. Every obscure borough, from Mudby-in-the-Marsh to Shrimpton-on-Sea, pesters him to receive its ridiculous and useless "freedom." Freedom, indeed! I'd give 'em some freedom of speech on my part which might show the meddling mayors and the addle-headed aldermen what I thought of 'em. But Lord ROBERTS is too good-natured to do that. Allow me, therefore, to protest against his being ill-treated in this manner.

Yours indignantly,

HANG DASH BLOW (Major, retired).

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

[Not content with Professional Conferences, a spirited body of Public School Masters has chartered the steam-yacht *Argonaut* from Messrs. PEROWNE and LUNN, for an educative visit to Sicily, Greece, and the Isles thereof. Information on certain sites of peculiar interest will be furnished by specialists. A Magic Lantern will accompany the expedition.]

O "ISLES" (as BYRON said) "of Greece!"

For which the firm of Homer sang,
Especially that little piece

Interpreted by Mr. LANG,
Where the unblushing Sappho wrote
The hymns we hardly like to quote;—

I cannot share his grave regret

Who found your fame had been and gone;
There seems to be a future yet

For Tenedos and Marathon;
Fresh glory gilds their deathless sun,
And this is due to Dr. LUNN!

What though your harpers twang no more?
What though your various lyres are
dumb?

See where by Cirrha's sacred shore,
Bold Argonauts, the Ushers come!
All bring their maps and some their wives,
And at the vision Greece revives!

The Delphic oracles are off,
But still the site is always there;
The fumes that made the Pythian cough
Still permeate the conscious air;
Parnassus, of the arduous "grade,"
May still be clomb, with local aid.

Lunching upon the self-same rock
Whence Xerxes viewed the wine-red
They realise with vivid shock [frith,
The teachings of "the smaller SMITH";
With bated breath they murmur—"This
Is actually Salamis!"

They visit where Penelope
Nightly unwove the work of day,
Staving her suitors off till he,
Odysseus, let the long-bow play,
And on his brave grass-widow's breast
Forgot Calypso and the rest.

In Crete, where Theseus first embraced
His Ariadne, they explore
(Just now authentically traced)
The footprints of the Minotaur:
And follow, to the maze's source,
The thread of some profound discourse.

That isle where Leto, sick with fright,
So scandalised her mortal kin,
Where young Apollo, lord of light,
Commenced his progress as a twin—
Fair Delos they shall get to know,
And Paros, where the marbles grow.

Not theirs the course of crude delight
On which the common tourist wends,
From faith they move, by way of sight,
To knowledge meant for noble ends;
'Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

One hears the travelled teacher call
Upon the Upper Fifth to note



"JUST AS WELL TO BE PREPARED."

A HINT FOR SPORTSMEN IN CASE OF HARD WEATHER.

(Touching the Spartan counter-wall)

How great the lore of Mr. GROTE;
And tell them, "His are just the views
I formed myself—at Syracuse!"

When JONES is at a loss to show
Where certain islands ought to be,
How well to whack him hard and low
And say, "The pain is worse for me,
To whom the Cyclades are quite
Familiar, like the Isle of Wight."

And then the lecture after prep. !
The Magic Lantern's lurid slide !
The speaker pictured on the step
Of some old shrine, with no inside;
Or groping on his reverent knees
For Eleusinian mysteries!

Hellas defunct? O say not so,
While Public School-boys faint to hear
The tales of antique love or woe,
Brought home and rendered strangely
clear

With instantaneous Kodak-shots
Secured by Ushers on the spots! O. S.

GODS IN AND OUT OF THE CARS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is it possible to convey some sense of decency into the mind of the average London County Councillor? It may be that I wrong this distinguished personage, and that, travelling to and fro in his luxurious brougham, capacious barouche or untaxed cart, he is not aware of the disgraceful scenes which occur every morning and evening at the terminal stations of the tram lines at Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges. The tram-cars are owned by the London County Council and they are run at a profit, the London County Council also supply ticket inspectors and starters, but they also provide chaos of the worst order. I would ask two such staid members of this august body as Mr. H. W. L. LAWSON and Mr. JOHN BURNS to spend a couple of hours on one day in surveying the horrible scenes which occur when the cars are arriving and leaving, after "business hours." Yours, PETER PICOON.

DELEND A EST CARTHAGO.

[Interviewed by an Italian journalist, Madame DUSE is reported to have said: "To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed, and its actors and actresses must die of the plague. They poison Art. . . . We should return to the Greeks and play in the open air. Boys, stalls, . . . kill the drama. . . . I want . . . the Acropolis. . . . I am condemned to play SARDOU and PINERO! . . . If I had my will, I would live in a ship in the middle of the ocean."]

DEAR lady, the cure which you kindly propose
For an evil that sounds rather vague
Would not be especially welcome to those
Who are destined to die of the plague.

You would sweep every actor and actress away—
They poison the air and their art,
And, affecting the Greeks in your methods, would play
In the open your favourite part.

You deplore the existence of box and of stall,
That are pounding the drama to grit,
But we fear the receipts would be likely to fall
If your theatre were nothing but pit.

And although the Acropolis sounds very nice,
Stone seats and the draught and the rain
Would in all probability amply suffice
To prevent one from coming again.

The veriest Vandal would tremble to speak
In a tongue that was strange on its stage,
While a scholarly knowledge of Attican Greek
Is scarcely a mark of the age.

PINERO and SARDOU are all you may play,
By Fate you are manacled thus,
But, with all due respect, may we venture to say
That they're not disagreeable to us?

In fine, we implore you to see with our eyes,
And again to consider the case—
Would a ship in mid-ocean be thoroughly wise,
When there's no one to reign in your place?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. TOM GALLON will doubtless learn from many reviewers of *A Rogue in Love* (HUTCHINSON) that he draws his inspiration from CHARLES DICKENS. "Who deniges of it?" to quote inquiry by one of the Master's best known people. Certainly not my Baronite. He recognises in most of the characters, echoes of earlier acquaintances. But that does not detract from the charm of the book, its flow of incident, its atmosphere of humour ever ready to blend with pathos. It is just the book a tired man will like to read after a quiet dinner. And that is high praise.



Sons of the Morning (METHUEN) is really a big book, wherein it differs from the ordinary run of novels. The story, homed on Dartmoor, shares its grandeur and its mysticism. Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS knows on fond that strange distinctive clan the Devonians, and gives us some delightful records of their sayings and doings. His descriptions of Dartmoor in sunlight and storm are finely done. It would be hard to beat the picture of a storm which brings the drama to a climax. The pure, strong, literary style of the narrative is refreshing. Like THACKERAY,

though in quite a different way, Mr. PHILLPOTTS is a preacher as well as a novelist. He does not shrink from the oft-attempted task of defining humour. "It is," he writes, "a balm of life; it is the root of tolerance, the prop of patience; it suffers long, and is kind; keeps the heart of man sweet, his soul modest. And at the end, when the light thickens and the mesh grows tight, humour can share the suffering vigils of the sleepless, can soften pain, can brighten the ashy road to death." My Baronite, brought up in the House of Commons—where a high flight of humour is recognised when a member marks the conclusion of his speech by sitting on his hat—begins to understand.

My Baronite envies A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH the labour of love he has perfected in the production of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* (HENRY FROWDE). What daisied pastures he has strolled through, what fragrant gardens he has culled! His task carries him back over more than 600 years of the British Poets, not forgetting those who touched the Irish harp. Some are new to the average reader, most are very dear. The pleasure of reading them all again is added to by the dainty form in which they issue from the Oxford Press. The casket is worthy of the treasure it contains.



The Baron confesses to knowing next to nothing of the talk, habits, and manners of the privates in the British Army. Mr. KIPLING's *Mulwary* and his companions may be true to facts, and if they are, so much the worse for the facts, or they may have been highly-coloured fancy-portraits, intended more for our amusement than for our instruction or edification. Be that as it may, the Baron never took kindly to them, became, in fact, rather bored by them (of course, the more's the pity), and finally felt inclined to adopt towards the British Tommy Kiplinised a sentiment similar to that expressed by *Betsy Prig* towards Mrs. Harris, and avow "I don't believe there ain't no such person," i.e. as represented in the popular KIPLING romances. And the Baron is more than ever convinced of the probability that there is good ground for his opinion after reading the dramatically-written *Military Dialogues on Active Service*, by Lieut.-Colonel N. NEWNHAM DAVIS (SANDS & Co.), which are thoroughly interesting, and so artistically contrived as to be here and there enlivened with effects that are genuinely sensational. The sketches, too, all in dialogue, of the officers' wives, are very interesting; and those of the "girls they (the soldiers) leave behind them" seem thoroughly natural to the Baron, who has small experience of the former, and none whatever of the latter in this category. Taking for granted that the author, being a Lieutenant-Colonel, is thoroughly familiar with all the military subjects he has here taken in hand, the Baron begs to recommend it, especially in this sad time of war, to all civilians, as the work of an expert who knows what he is talking about. But what has become of the rollicking gaiety of the young and old campaigners as portrayed by CHARLES LEVER in his *Harry Lorrequer*, Jack Hinton the Guardsman, and his *Charles O'Malley*? Where's your *Mickey Free* now? These, truly, were to the Baron "ideals." Is it possible they were never "reals"?

THE BARON DE B.-W.

JUST OVER-SPICED.—Not content with having produced a quite too delicious mess, entirely according to his own recipe of the Vatican-address dish, the noble chef of Norfolk House made the mistake of adding to it a strong flavour of Currie. Such a pity! Quite spoiled the broth! "Nemo mortalium," &c. Vide Latin Grammar.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG PUBLISHER.

II.

In thanking me for the hints I gave you recently on the art of advertising, you observe that even though you sell a large number of copies, advertising is an expensive business, and that the net pecuniary gain to yourself of what is called a "successful" novel is by no means large. Moreover, you add, successful authors are few in number, and have a nasty trick of insisting upon uncommonly high royalties.

My dear JONES, if you are really to succeed in your business, you must understand at once that the bulk of your income is to come not from the successful books, but (paradox as it seems) from the unsuccessful. The successful man knows too much, or his interests are looked after by an agent, which comes to pretty well the same thing, so far as you are concerned. But the beginner—the aristocratic young lady, the young gentleman fresh from Oxford, the country gentleman who suddenly gives way to the *cacòthes scribendi*—these, dear JONES, are in reality your most valuable clients, whose usefulness is limited only at one end by their gullibility, and at the other by their banking-accounts. You sent me a MS. as a specimen of the hopeless rubbish daily submitted to you, and your intention, I gather, was to return it promptly to its author. Nothing, I assure you, could be more gratuitously foolish. I have read *Heart-Throbs*—as the MS. is called—sufficiently to confirm your estimate of it. More undiluted drivel it would be hard to conceive. It is dull, foolish, badly-written; without one redeeming feature. But as for returning it, that would be nothing less than the criminal waste of an opportunity. Follow my instructions, and you shall make a pretty penny out of *Heart-Throbs*.

First, you will write to the author and assure him that your "reader"—you can consider me your reader for the nonce—has reported most favourably upon the

MS. Of course, you will add, there is grave risk about bringing out the work of an unknown man, but, in consideration of the exceptional merit of *Heart-Throbs*, you are willing to brave it. All that you will ask the author to do is to pay £80 towards the cost of production, while you will undertake to supply the demand up to a thousand copies. On all copies sold above that number you will pay him a royalty of twenty or thirty—you can promise safely anything you like—per cent.

The author will be delighted at the reader's "favourable report." He may boggle a bit about the £80, in which case

And, if you like, you can send in by-and-bye another bill of £10 or so for "advertising," and "cost of extra proof corrections." If he remonstrates, you can talk gravely of your risk, your heavy office-expenses, etc., and you will be surprised and grieved that the sale of the book has not got beyond 50 copies. It is just possible that at this point your client may go to the Society of Authors, but that needn't concern you. You have made your £50 or £60 out of *Heart-Throbs*, and the supply of fools, thank heaven! is unfailing. Only, you will deplore his lack of confidence, and the passing away of the good old days, when no Authors' Societies existed.



G. L. STAMP. 1901.

[“There are many ladies who, in the quiet part of the day, would use the 'bus instead of walking if their dogs might accompany them.”—Letter in “Daily News.”]

‘Bus Conductor. “FULL INSIDE, SIR. OUTSIDE ONLY!”

—I have left you plenty of margin—you may knock off £5 or even £10 as a special favour, as a sign, too, of your belief in the book. Then, or I am greatly mistaken, you will have him. He is young, he is well-off, he has unbounded faith in his work, which faith your letter has judiciously strengthened. And so, having cashed his cheque, you proceed to play your fish at your leisure. You have only bound yourself, you see, to supply the demand up to a thousand copies—wherefore you will, at a cost of £25 or thereabouts, print and bind 100 copies—and you will take good care that the demand shall not exceed that number. Thereby you will pocket £55—not a bad haul, considering that you’ve run no sort of risk for it.

TRUSTWORTHY.

My pipe! the cherished idol of my ease.

In happy recollection I review

Your several virtues only formed to please,

Accept my trust—a thing enjoyed by few.

And yet no aery halo of romance

Hangs o’er you. No entrancing, beautiful elf

Presented you to me with melting glance.

No; eighteenpence I paid for you myself.

Upon your bowl no artist’s hand has wrought;

It bears no carven picture emblematic.

‘T was very likely cut by some untaught Mechanic in a dingy shop or attic.

Your rounded stem with yellow amber tipped

Suggests no GRINLING GIBBONS in disguise;

Your mouthpiece now, I see, is slightly chipped,

Why, then, do I my pipe so dearly prize?

Why did I in the summer’s sheen neglect

You like a loathed criminal accurst, But now ’tis freezing love you? I expect

It is because I know you cannot burst!

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER V.

Of Chances for Talk—Shooting and Hunting—Of Dropping a Shoe—An Over-reach and other matters.

It is, undoubtedly, I fear, the case that in hunting, conversational ability is not at so high a premium as in shooting. There is less opportunity for the easy, pleasant talk that makes up so large a part of the day's sport with the gun. Men have to manage their horses, to watch the hounds, to study the country, to make sure they are not left behind when the fox breaks away, and, generally, to look closely after the business on which they have come out. The shooting man, on the other hand, except during the minutes when the birds are actually coming over him, can make his day into one long opportunity for conversation of various kinds. When the beat on the drive is over and the birds are collected; while the guns walk on to take their places at the next stand; at lunch and after; on the walk home when the day is done—during all these intervals and cessations there are countless chances for the skilled conversationalist. But in the hunting field, as I have said, the openings are fewer and circumstances too often check the flow of soul. Still, a wary man will get his chances even in hunting and, the fewer they are, the more necessary is it to take proper advantage of them.

In the first place you will have observed, though you are a novice at the game, that you are always entitled to tell any man that his horse has lost a shoe. Even if he moves in gilded circles, irradiated by Dukes and Earls, and you are a mere son of the soil, the rule holds good. If you doubt what I say, just select a man whose horse has dropped a shoe, mention the fact to him, and then keep close to him for a few minutes while you are riding, as we may suppose, from one covert to another, no fox being at the moment on the move. The next man who comes up in the track of the horse with three shoes, will go through the same little pantomime as you did. He'll take a good look, pull back his horse a bit, look again, ride closer, gaze intently and then, evidently making up his mind to stake his whole reputation for eyesight and knowledge, will break out with "You've lost a shoe, Sir, near fore-foot." If the interval of easy riding last long enough, you will observe a dozen men go through this identical performance one after another, all ending with precisely the same remark, until you feel that if the master of the three-shoe'd animal suddenly lost control of his temper, laid about him with his hunting crop, and called Heaven to witness that this was a just punishment on a lot of repetition-mongering, well-meaning, useless, good-natured retailers of stale news—you feel, I say, that if this were to happen, there would be every excuse for a man goaded beyond endurance. But, as a matter of fact, he usually submits to the inevitable with a good grace and bears no malice at all. Then, too, if your horse cuts himself by an over-reach you, must

expect to have the matter mentioned to you even by men you don't know. "I'm afraid you've got rather a nasty over-reach," is a fairly good formula for the occasion—and even when you are tried by the repetition time after time of this observation, you ought to remember that it is prompted by good-will, by a desire to point out to you what you cannot see for yourself, and so to enable you to save from more serious damage the gallant horse whose welfare ought to be as close to your heart as your own.

If a man loses his spur, or batters his hat, or gets his face torn by a twig, or his coat covered with mud from a fall, you will not, unless he should happen to be your friend, call his attention to facts which are entirely within his own knowledge and are probably causing him acute discomfort. But how shall a rider know that his horse has dropped a shoe or over-reached? His horse, the much-enduring, indomitably courageous companion of his sport, is unable to give him a hint, except by going lame—and then the mischief is done.

So it has come to be recognised as a humane duty on the part of riders to give one another information on such matters, and no rule drawn from that gorgeous guide, "The Manners of Good Society; By One Who is in It," will be broken if a gentleman hitherto unknown to you should address you in the manner I have described. Besides, if you are going to be stand-offish in the hunting field, if you are going to inflate yourself with dignity and make yourself rigid with arrogance, and scowl and talk of "devilish impertinence" just because little cheery DICK TADWORTH makes a remark to you in his genial Cockney way, why you'd better stay at home and feed on BURKE'S Peerages and other books of social precedence. The hunting field is no place for you. There DICK is your equal, though the blood of kings should happen (in a slightly diluted form) to

run in your veins, and DICK has nothing to back him except a clever head for figures, perfect good nature, and a desire to be on good terms with all the world. Of course, DICK mustn't push too much—in any case, he's not the man to do that, for there's nothing of the Snob in him, and if he errs he errs without ill-will or mean aspiration of any kind.

AN ENGLISH CHINOISERIE.

Voice (through telephone). Can you send some winter comforts for troops undergoing the terrors of a rigorous climate?

Charity Distributor (ditto). We have got any amount of lemonade, soda-water, sunshades and white neckties. You are in Africa, aren't you?

Voice. No; Asia. I am speaking for the Indian troops and Europeans stationed at Wei-Hai-Wei, who need immediate help.

Charity Distributor. Oh, we can't have anything to do with you; you are not fashionable. You are out of reach of the newspaper reporters, so we can't do anything for you!

Voice. Oh, indeed! Then I will write to Punch. [Does so.]



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

JANUARY 7.

Mr. Punch. "WELL, OF ALL THE —"



“CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.”

CHINESE OFFICIAL. “WELL, THE EMPRESS IS AWAY AT PRESENT; BUT YOUR ACCOUNTS SHALL BE FORWARDED, GENTLEMEN, AND NO DOUBT HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILL ATTEND TO THEM AT HER—AH!—EARLIEST CONVENIENCE!”



MY HOLIDAY.

(A Confession).

IN the first place, I blame the doctor. He shouldn't have used long words and looked at me as if I was something under the microscope. But when a man has the word "neurosthenic" flung at him he is obliged, in self-defence, to do something, and so I accepted his Mephistophelian suggestion about country air and a few days' quiet. He even hypnotised me into the belief that I was tired of town (shade of CHARLES LAMB forgive me!), and I agreed to go right away into the country for a week—down to a friend's country house near Lynton.

It's my firm belief that if I had taken a day—choosing my weather—down in Surrey: or a week-end at Brighton, or even a day in bed, I should have been perfectly right again. But I was fool enough to be beguiled by the doctor, and—Well, it's no use repining now.

I really think (to be perfectly just to myself) that I was for a few hours on the first evening—perhaps even for an hour or so next morning—genuinely contented. The quiet soothed me. With Mr. PECK-SNIFF I contemplated existence, and then, alas, like Mr. PECKSNIFF, I assumed a rôle of horrible duplicity. On the second day the quietness of the Devonshire hills grated terribly on my nerves, and I longed for the soothing roar of the London traffic.

But I assumed a look of placid pleasure, and even feebly thanked goodness when I heard that London papers came a day late. Humbug! hypocrite! that I was. But Nemesis overtook me. Try as I might, I could not conceal the awful depression that was stealing over me.

On the fourth day there was a prospect that the road might be blocked. Horror! I made up my mind.

"Tom," I said, "don't be alarmed, old man, but I feel that I ought to consult some specialist: the fact is, I—" here I tapped my chest ambiguously.

"Rot!" said TOM. (There's a refreshing frankness about TOM.) "Take a twenty-mile walk, and you'll be as fit as a fiddle." With some experience of musical relations, I derived no consolation from this simile.

"Possibly," I said, with affected stoicism; "and yet I can't help remembering that Uncle PETER—" I shrugged my shoulder, and left Uncle PETER's fate to TOM's imagination.

"Well, come down when you've seen him. You can't do better than stop here."

"I will, I will," I interrupted feverishly, then rushed off to pack. The next afternoon I was gliding through Westbourne Park in a G.W. train (blessings on it!) feeling almost delirious with joy.

"Foggy, as usual," said a man opposite. I gave an imbecile grin. "Yes," I

said, "just the same dear old yellow, throat-choking friend."

He regarded me amazed. "The filthy condition of the roads," he said, "is scandalous; the Local Board—"

"I know," I said. "Never mind. Shouldn't we be disgusted if everything was spick and span? What *should* we talk about on the morning 'bus, or in the matutinal tube! Hurrah for the London dirt!"

We drew up at Paddington. I bought up all the evening papers, and gave the hansom driver a royal fee.

Specialists be blowed. Country be blowed. I sat down and wrote to TOM. I told him I had been a liar and a humbug; and that although I loved him dearly, nothing would persuade me to see him in the winter-time. When I am calmer I shall write to the doctor. A.R.



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—AND AFTER.

"This Janiform head, adapted from an ancient coin (of vantage) at Hatfield, tells in a figure all that need be said about the new Century from a Cecilian Tory point of view."

[With apologies to Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and Mr. James Knowles.

THE DARKEY TO HIS DINAH.

[The Postal authorities, at Brussels, have discovered that the coloured postmen in the Congo Free State present the mail bags to their wives or *fiancées*. The latter convert them into ready-made costumes.]

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
Dis darkey lubs you mos' sincere;
He tinks you are at any rate,
De finest gal in all de State.
For you his spirit leaps and bounds
While he goes plodding on his rounds,
For dis 'ere darkey's massa is
De Post Office authorities.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
I do not want to interfere,
But you must find it hard, I guess,
To save de money for your dress.
I like de gal who's won my heart
To keep on looking spry and smart,
For no one else must take de shine
Out ob dis lubly gal ob mine.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
We've got no Paris fashions here,
But still I know it's always best
To get your garments from de West.
A bright idea's occurred to me,
And so I take de liberty
Ob sending something that may do
As a nex' season's dress for you.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
Don't tink my conduct very queer;
De Post Office may nebber miss
A little canvas bag like dis. [shape,
And though, p'raps, in its present
It may seem stiff and hard to drape,
Still you can very soon convert
It into quite a slap-up skirt.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
I hope I make my meaning clear;
I tink you've only got to slit
De bottom neatly out ob it,
And den, with jes' a bit ob string,
You make it *such* a stylish ting;
Oh, I'll be proud to hab a gal
Who is so economical.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
If any nigger tries to sneer,
Or some unkind aspersion throws
Upon de cut ob your new clo's,
Remember, in de Congo State
Dey seldom see a fashion plate;
You know de garment dat you don
Has got de stamp ob Europe on! P. G.

EXAMINATION FOR A DIRECTORSHIP.

(From "The City Man's Vade Mecum.")

Promoter. Are you a gentleman of blameless reputation?

Candidate. Certainly, and I share that reputation with a dozen generations of ancestors.

Promoter. And no doubt you are the soul of honour?

Candidate. That is my belief—a belief shared by all my friends and acquaintances.

Promoter. And I think, before taking up finance, you have devoted a long life to the service of your country?

Candidate. That is so. My career has been rewarded by all kinds of honours.

Promoter. And there is no particular reason why you should dabble in Stock Exchange matters?

Candidate. None that I know of—save, perhaps, to serve a friend.

Promoter. Now, be very careful. Do you know anything whatever about the business it is proposed you should superintend?

Candidate. Nothing whatever. I know nothing absolutely about business.

Promoter. Then I have much pleasure in informing you that you have been unanimously elected a member of the Board of Management!

[Scene closes in until the Public demands further information.]

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

III.—HAMLET.

AMONG the plays which seem specially to require a sequel, *Hamlet* must certainly be reckoned. The end of Act V. left the distracted kingdom of Denmark bereft alike of King, Queen, and Heir-Presumptive. There were thus all the materials for an acute political crisis. It might have been imagined that the crown would fall inevitably to the Norwegian Prince FORTINBRAS who, being on the spot with an army behind him, certainly seems to have neglected his chances. It is clear, however, from the sequel that FORTINBRAS failed to rise to the occasion, and that HORATIO, being more an antique Roman than a Dane, seized his opportunity and by a *coup d'état* got possession of the vacant throne. Nor would FORTINBRAS appear to have resented this, as we find him subsequently visiting HORATIO at Elsinore. There is, however, a Nemesis which waits upon Usurpers, as the sequel shows. The sequel, by the way, should have been called *Ghosts*, but as that title has been already appropriated by a lesser dramatist, the name has been changed to—

THE NEW WING AT ELSINORE.

SCENE I.—*The Platform before the old part of the Castle as in Act I. HORATIO and FORTINBRAS come out of the house swathed in overcoats, the former looking nervously over his shoulder. It is a dark winter's evening after dinner.*

Fortinbras (*shivering slightly*). 'Tis bitter cold—

Horatio (*impatiently*). And you are sick at heart.

I know.

Fortinbras (*apologetically*). The fact is, when I get a cold

I often can't get rid of it for weeks.

I really think we may as well stay in.

Horatio (*doggedly*). I'm sorry, but I can't agree with you.

I shall stay here.

[*Sits down resolutely with his back to the castle.*]

Fortinbras (*turning up his coat collar resignedly*). It's perfect rot, you know,

To let yourself be frightened by a Ghost!

H. (*angrily*). A Ghost! You're always so inaccurate!

Nobody minds a spectre at the feast

Less than HORATIO, but a dozen spectres,

All sitting round your hospitable board

And clamouring for dinner, are a sight

No one can bear with equanimity.

Of course, I know it's different for you.

You don't believe in ghosts! . . . Ugh, what was that?

F. Nothing.

H. I'm sure I saw a figure moving there.

F. Absurd! It's far too dark to see at all.

(*Argumentatively*). After all, what are ghosts?

In the most high and palmy state of Rome A little ere the mightiest JULIUS fell,

People saw hoards of them! Just ring for lights,

And let us make ourselves as comfortable As this inclement atmosphere permits.

H. (*despondently*). I'd ring with pleasure, if I thought the bell

Had any prospect of being answered.

But as there's not a servant in the house—

F. (*annoyed*). No servants?

H. (*bitterly*). As my genial friend, MACBETH,

Would probably have put it, "Not a maid Is left this vault to brag of." In other words,

They left *en masse* this morning.

F. Dash it all!

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark

When you, its reigning monarch, cannot keep

Your servants for a week.

H. (*sadly*). Ah, FORTINBRAS,

If you inhabited a haunted castle

You'd find your servants would give warning too.

It's not as if we only had one ghost.

They simply swarm! (*Ticking them off on his fingers*.) There's HAMLET's father.

He walks the battlements from ten to five.

You'll see him here in half an hour or so. CLAUDIUS, the late King, haunts the State

apartments,

The QUEEN the keep, OPHELIA the moat, And ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN the hall.

POLONIUS you will usually find

Behind the arras murmuring platitudes,

And HAMLET stalking in the corridors.

Alas, poor ghost! his fatal indecision

Pursues him still. He can't make up his mind

Which rooms to take—you're never safe from him!

F. But why object to meeting HAMLET's

Ghost?

I've heard he was a most accomplished Prince,

A trifle fat and scant of breath, perhaps; But then a disembodied HAMLET

Would doubtless show a gratifying change In that respect.

H. (*irritably*). I tell you, FORTINBRAS, It's not at all a theme for joking.

However, when the New Wing's finished I shall move in, and all the ghosts in limbo

May settle here as far as I'm concerned.

F. When will that be?

H. The architect declares

He'll have the roof on by the end of March.

F. (*rising briskly*). It is a nipping and

an eager air,

Suppose we stroll and see it?

H. (*rising also*). With all my heart. Indeed, I think we'd better go at once.

[*Looks at watch.*]

The Ghost of HAMLET's father's almost due.

His morbid love of punctuality

Makes him arrive upon the stroke of ten,

And as the castle clock is always fast

He's rather apt to be before his time.

[*The clock begins to strike as they exeunt hastily. On the last stroke, Ghost enters.*]

Ghost. I am HAMLET's father's spirit, Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day . . .

[*Stops, seeing no one there.*]

What! Nobody about?

Why, this is positively disrespectful.

I'll wait until HORATIO returns

And, when I've got him quietly alone,

I will a tale unfold will make him jump!

[*Sits down resolutely to wait for HORATIO.*]

Curtain.

SCENE II.—*Before the New Wing of the Castle. The two Clowns, formerly grave-diggers, but now employed with equal appropriateness as builders, are working on the structure in the extremely leisurely fashion to be expected of artizans who are not members of a Trades Union.*

1st Clown (*in his best Elizabethan manner*). Nay, but hear you, Goodman builder—

2nd Clown (*in homely vernacular*). Look here, BILL, you can drop that jargon. There's no one here but ourselves, and I ain't amused by it. It's all very well to try it on when there's gentlefolk about, but when we're alone you take a rest.

1st Clown (*puzzled*). Ay, marry!

2nd Clown (*throwing down tools*). Stow it, I say, or I'll have to make you. Marry, indeed! If you mean "Yes," say "Yes." If you mean "No," say "No."

1st Clown. All right, mate.

2nd Clown (*grumbling*). It's had enough staying up all night building more rooms on to this confounded castle—I should have thought it was big enough and ugly enough without our additions—but if I'm to listen to your gab, s'help me—!

1st Clown. Hush! here comes some one.

[*They make a valiant pretence of work as HORATIO and FORTINBRAS enter.*]

Horatio (*ecstatically, completely deceived by this simple ruse*). My Master-Builders!

Fortinbras. Idle dogs!

1st Clown (*Elizabethan again*). Argal, Goodman builder, will he nill he, he that builds not ill builds well, and he that builds not well builds ill. Therefore, perpend!

H. (*appreciatively*). How absolute the knave is!



"NOW, GEORGE DEAR, IT'S YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY IN THE NEW CENTURY. WHAT GOOD RESOLUTIONS ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE?"
 "WELL, FOR ONE THING, I INTEND TO BE MUCH MORE REGULAR IN MY HABITS."
 "WHY NOT GIVE THEM ALL UP, DEAR?"

F. He seems to me to be an absolute fool.

H. Not at all. A most intelligent working man. I'll draw him out. (To 1st Clown). When will the house be finished, sirrah?

1st Clown. When it is done, Sir.

H. Ay, fool, and when will that be?

1st Clown. When it is finished, o' course.

H. (to F.). There! What do you call that? Witty, eh?

F. I call it perfectly idiotic, if you ask me.

H. Well, well; we'll try again. (To 1st Clown) And whose is the house, fellow?

1st Clown (fatuously). Marry, his that owns it. Ask another.

H. (to F.). Ha! Ha! Good again. By the Lord, FORTINBRAS, as HAMLET used to say, the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, it galls his kibe.

F. (savagely). The toe of the courtier is getting so perilously near the person of the peasant that you'd better get rid of the latter as soon as possible.

H. (doubtfully). Perhaps you're right. And yet I was always taught to consider that kind of thing awfully entertaining. But, there. Fashions change in humour as in other things. Send them away.

F. (giving them money). Away with you, fellows. Go and get drunk.

[Exeunt clowns.]

H. (relapses into blank verse on their departure). What think you of the New Wing, FORTINBRAS?

The whole effect is cheerful, is it not? Good large sash windows, lots of light and air;

No mediæval nonsense.

F. (who does not admire the building). So I see!

H. No ghosts here, eh, to stalk about the rooms

And fade against the crowing of the cock?

F. Probably not—and, yet—look there, HORATIO;

There's something in the shadow over there,

Moving towards the house. It's going in.

Stop it, HORATIO.

H. (furious). Here, I can't stand this.

I'll cross it though it blast me. Stay, Illusion! [The figure stops.]

Are you aware, Sir, that you're trespassing?

This is a private house.

Ghost (in a sepulchral voice). My private house!

H. Oh, come, you know, you can't mean that! Your house?

Considering that I'm building it myself—Of course, assisted by an architect—

I think you must admit there's some mistake.

Ghost (turning and advancing towards them). Pooh! What do I care for your architect?

It's mine, I say, my house, my plot, my play.

I made them all!

H. Oh, my prophetic soul!

SHAKESPEARE!

Ghost. The same.

H. I say, confound it all,

Do you propose to haunt the castle too?

Ghost. Yes, the New Wing.

H. It's really much too bad.

You've filled the old part of the house with spectres;

I think you might have left the new to me.

F. That seems a reasonable compromise.

Ghost. I shall stay here; make up your mind to that,

But if you like to share the Wing with me

I've no objection.

H. (stiffly). Thanks, I'd rather not.

I shall consult with my solicitor, And if he can't eject you from the place

I'll sell it, ghosts and all! Come, FORTINBRAS. [Exit with dignity.]

Curtain.



THE MISSING WORD.

A.D. 1901.

THANK goodness, no more
Will this wretched exotic
Annoy us, and bore
With refrain idiotic.

No more can it bloom
With the flowers of diction
And French that find room
In feminine fiction.

No more will it stay
In its up-to-date quarters,
The refined, *recherché*
Repertoire of reporters!

Out-of-date 'tis at last,
In the tick of a second;
When the Century passed,
Dead also 'twas reckoned.

No longer 'twill fit
Aberrations of fashion,
The vagaries of wit,
Or the problems of passion.

From this desperate rhyme
Its nature you may cull;
I meant all the time
The phrase "*fin-de-s* *****!"

A. A. S.

TO A. A.

(Vide first number of the "*Thrush*.")

HUSH! Hush! the Thrush at SIMPKIN'S

sings,

And GARNETT 'gins arise

On famous literary wings

To flood with song the skies;

And halting HENLEY doth begin

To heave unmeasured sighs:

With everything that minor bin,

My England's ALFRED, rise!

Arise! Arise!

THE LADIES' CABINET COUNCIL.

(Suggested by a Compilation in "*The Gentlewoman*.")

SCENE—Downing Street. PRESENT—Most of the Members of the Female Government.

Première. Now that my office is severed from the F. O., I should be glad to learn if the noble lady responsible for Foreign affairs has any news from Paris.

Foreign Secretary. Only that feather ruffles are going out, and fur will not be worn this year.

First Lady of the Treasury. Is there any chance of bonnets being less expensive?

Foreign Secretary. I think not. You see the material counts for very little.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. That depends whether it is sent over as the manufactured article or in bulk.

First Secretary of the Treasury. I think, in spite of a slight decrease in expense it, would be scarcely dignified to get your frocks made while you waited.

Lady-Lieutenant of Ireland. But sure you could get them made before you went there. That is if you had two gowns. Of course, if you had only one, you would wait in it while it was being made.

First Lady of the Admiralty. As I have to cross the sea pretty frequently, may I ask if it is likely that the Channel Tunnel will be shortly opened for traffic?

War Secretary. Certainly. Of course, it could be closed again in times of necessity. Then people might start prematurely for Scotland.

Home Secretary. But surely it would be a sad thing to be forced to fly to the Highlands before August?

Lady High Chancellor. Perfectly justifiable in case of need. The QUEEN'S Writ runs very far, but not so far as I should run if there were foreign soldiers following me. [Amusement]

Messenger (entering). I beg pardon and to say, ladies, that a huge despatch-box has arrived from London.

Chorus of Ministers (excitedly). What does it contain?

Première. I think, from the label, that it probably contains the latest fashions from across the Channel.

[The ladies rush for the box, and the council breaks up in confusion.]



UNREHEARSED EFFECT AT OUR "TABLEAUX VIVANTS."

UNCLE JOHN (WHO PRIDES HIMSELF UPON HIS RESEMBLANCE TO EARL ROBERTS) AND COUSIN TOM PROMISED TO GIVE US THE MOST INTERESTING EVENT OF THE EVENING—THEY DID! OUR YOUNGEST DARLING WAS SWEET TILL THE LAST MOMENT, WHEN THE CURTAIN WENT UP, AND THEN SHE HOWLED!!

AQUA VITAE.

["At a meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. A. E. T. LONGHURST laid it down that moderate drinking could and did injure health."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE doctor's richt, I ken it weel.
Nae mod'rate drinkin' can appeal
Tae ony richtly-minded chiel
O' sound affections.
I hate it like the vara deil,
Or kirk collections.

A mod'rate drunk I ne'er wad be.
What is ae glass, or twa, or three?
Na! let me haesa glorious sea
O' whisky toddy!

There's naethin' like the barley-bree
For mind an' body.

The wise man's word we maun obey,
An' since the doctor winna hae
Half-measures that wad mak' us wae,
Henceforth, my brither,
We'll e'en tak' tent tae aye be gey
An' fou thegither.

HAIRDRESSERS' FAVOURITE MOTTO.—
"Two heads are better than one." (This
from a financial point of view, and of course
applicable to postal stamps.)

'VARSIITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

II.

I STUDIED my THOMSON in vain,
I studied my RUTHERFORD too,
My tutors all failed to explain
The puzzling vagaries of you.
In all my collegiate days,
I never could hit on a plan
To account for your wonderful ways,
Mysterious particle *dv*.

But where men of learning, who know
More Greek than mere Greeks could
possess,
Have failed to enlighten me, lo!
A maid has accomplished success.
And now to my clarified view,
It is perfectly plain why a man
Should join the Optative with you,
Mysterious particle, ANNE.

SUGGESTION.—The service of National
Thanksgiving for the end of the war
having been wisely postponed until we
have got from fight to finish, might it not
be fitting to hold a special one which
should conclude with the minister's say-
ing, "Here endeth the first lesson."

HERBS OF DISGRACE.

(Suggested by Prof. Bottomley's lecture on Car-
nivorous Plants at the London Institution.)

GENTLE daisy in the vale,
Bossed with gold, with petals pale,
Who shall say within your heart
What unholy passions smould'ring,
Veiled by you with artless art
From the eye of the beholder;
Since now Science bids us see
Vegetable cruelty.

Make not, herb, of innocence
Hypocritical pretence,
While that unrelenting thought
Is within each stamen lurking
Of some hapless insect caught,
Whose destruction to be working
You with fiendish glee devise
With a hideous enterprise.

Let not then the lyrist's rhymes
Mince henceforth the fig's foul crimes;
Of the perils insects run

Let him warn with loud alarms;
Bid them carefully to shun
The deceit of wicked arums;
Since their virtues bards declare,
Why should they plants' vices spare?



AN EVENING PARTY AT MRS. MICROBE'S.

WINTER PLEASURES.

LANDSCAPE gardening in Fleet Street still proceeding, and likely to last well into next summer. Municipal Councils most active in the conduct of operations. Half of the labourers are hard at work leaning on the guard rail, and smoking pipes with the utmost vigour, whilst other half constantly engaged in meal of some description. Occasionally a small drain-pipe is lowered into grave-like trench, but this is of infrequent occurrence.



Latest reports have it that passengers will soon be able to emulate the example of the great Lexicographer, and "take a walk down Fleet Street without the least fear of being drowned in the liquid slush. Optimism on this point, however, is hardly advisable just at present, and those citizens unable to swim should act with caution when approaching that part of the black, slow-flowing stream which turns down Bouverie Street on its way to the Thames, and thence to the mighty, rushing ocean.